By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan.

Tokio, March 29, 1904.

ACH time the war office here announces that the advance of the army has been again postponed, those terrible dogs of war, the war correspondents, cry "havoe," and try to slip their chains. And the answer of the Japanese officials to their demand that they instantly be shown "battle, murder and sudden death," is to invite them to a garden party. This is supposed to soothe the correspondents, and to satisfy the proprietors of their papers at home, who are sending them rich drafts and singing sadily. "It's All Going Out, and There's Nothing Coming In."

A few nights since the members of parliament gave a dinner to the military attaches and the war correspondents, at which they asked us to be patient. As a sop, diplomatically administered, and intended to reconcile us to being bottled up in Tokio, it did not altogether carry its purpose, but as an effort of hospitality, as a dinner of ceremony and, in so far as it illustrated the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the darks of the darks of the papers. They all were gray, brown, black, The room was heated by braziers of brass set in wooden boxes and filled with hot ashes over which the Japanese passed their hands continually, as though per-

being bottled up in Tokio, it did not altogether carry its purpose, but as an effort of hospitality, as a dinner of ceremany and, in so far as it illustrated the courtesy and the aghtfuiness of the Japanese, it was a charming success. It also is interesting, when one compares it as an entertainment with one that would be given to strangers in Washington by our own members of congress.

We went to the dinner in furplishas, each with an accordian-plaited paper labers bobbing fantastically in the night like a giant firely, and stopped at a house that glowed among the surrounding trees, not from apy windows, sat it had no windows, but through its walls. It glowed most brilliantly through a square low doorway in which stoed many little girls in gray kimonas with glistening black hair, worn a lapenpadour, and who bowed-and rubbed their knees with their open palms, continually shifting from one stockinged foot to the other, and bowing and bowing and bowing again. They took away our shoes and gave us big woolen slippers, and then led us down corridors and along outer galleries into a room which we call mats, but with what is more like a mattress with a nice of fine matting sewn on its top. These mattresses were sunk between broad grooves of beautifully polished wood, and with the wooden boxes and filled with hot askes over which the Japanese matted with and scontinually, as though person of the team on each their lands continually, as though person.

A Japanese dinner begins at the end their hands continually, as though person of each guest in wooden boxes and filled with and selection.

A Japanese dinner begins at the end their hands continually, as though person of each guest a box filled with subtrease over again with soup. A nesan placed in fort of each guest a box filled with subtrease, and then starts over again with soup. A nesan placed in fort of each guest a box filled with subtrease, and then starts over again with soup. A nesan placed in fort of each guest a box filled with each guest in until the dinner le The room of the tea house was bare of all furniture, and even of ornaments, save the decorated screens that formed the walls and the decorated beams that supported the decorated ceiling. The room was its own ornament. The panels on the walls were of native woods of great beauty, and the decorated decorated ceiling. The room was its own ornament. The panels on the walls were of native woods of great beauty, and the dinner followed it. I was amazed at



-- Photograph by R. L. Dunn, Collier's Special Photographer in Kores. Copyright, 1984, by Collier's Weekly,

A LONE BENEDICT OF SUNAN

The young man in white is 14 years old and is the only married man left among the male citizens of Sunan, in Kerea. This town is about twenty-five miles north of Ping-Yang, on the road to Wiju, and was occupied by the Japanese early in March. The able-bodied inhabitants were set to work by the transport department, but most of the old people, women and children betook themselves to the hills—not being familiar with the ways of modern armies. This young man's wife, aged 25 years, fled with the rest, abandoning her husband, who remained at Sunan and kept in close touch with the Japanese compulsation.

our temerity of the night previous. For the first time I became conscious that the customs of our table are full of pitfalls. As some one has said, the Romans were able to conquer the world hecause they did not have to stay at home and learn their own language.

But no one of the Japanese members of parliament made any sign that we were not eating with perfect propriety, though we must surely have shocked them. Many of the Americans and English could not understand that the little girls who knelt in front of them were not to be admired and complimented, but were there simply as waitresses. And when the Japanese heard their guests address them as "Maimie" and "Maude." they must in their artless Japanese way have congratulated themselves that when they determined to copy us they knew where to stop. Of course, it is very hard for the visitor to take the little nesans as seriously as they take themselves. The whole situation is unfamiliar. We do not often sit cross-legged, while quaintly dressed handmaidens kneel and bow before us. To the gallant American the occasion seems to demand that the least he can do is treat the young lady occasion seems to demand that the must be saved for another steamer least he can do is treat the young lady as one of the guests. As a matter of (Copyright, 1904, by Collier's Weekly.)

our temerity of the night previous. For fact, one is supposed to treat her with

Dave Rothschild's Way of Landing Fish.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Eighty dollars you had me on the list for. I got one dollar. But I don't care about the rest. I'm doing all right."

"But you must have the rest, Mr. Schmidt! I'm so glad you came in. You say you got \$1. That leaves \$79.

"Fess—A friend of mine was telling me today of a splendid seashore resort on the Massachusctts coast, I think it is called Medford Beach.

Jess—Oh, I've been there. That was where I caught that big lobster last summer, don't you know?

Tess—No, dear, I hadn't heard. What is his name?

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Gold fillings
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(New York Press.)

Here is a story that is being told about David Rothschild.

David sat in his office in the Federal bank one day just after he had caused it to be announced that he had paid off the debts of the bankrupt company of Rothschild & Sens. A German netered.

"How do you do, Mr. Rothschild?" the German asked, putting out his hand. "Do you remember me?"

"Just a minute." said David, waving his hand as if to prevent his visitor from telling him the answer to his conundrum. "Just a minute till I place you. Let me see." and he leaned back and thought hard.

The answer was too difficult apparently. The German interrupted: "I'm Schmidt." he said. "Schmidt, what you owed money to when you falled. No, not you, but your firm—your firm, Mr. Rothschild." A light broke over David's face. He reached out his hand. Then the German resumed: "I heard how you was paying back the money your firm owed, and I thought i would come in and see you. Not to get my money—oh, no! Just to shake you by the hand, yes, and say what a honest thing you was doing."

"You say the firm owed you money?" said Rothschild.

"Yes."

"How much?"

Tess—A friend of mine was telling me today of a splendid seashor resort on the importance of the banker.

"Tim so glad you came in, Mr. Schmidt, said Rothschild again. "I want to pay off all those oid debts. If want to pay off all those oid debts. If want their accounts. I want your account. And if you want money Fil discount your notes for you. Here's the \$97. I'm slad you gave me the chance to settle up this little thing, and it should take it as a favor if you would do business with us."

Schmidt turned around and opened an account with the Federal bank with the \$97. He teld all his friends about how Rothschild had treated him, They, too. opened accounts.

When the Federal bank failed Schmidt had several hundred doilars on deposit. So did the friends he told his story to.

Misunderstood.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Tess—A friend of mine was telling me today of a splendid seashor resort

Local clubs were soon established in many towns where Pield had friends and admirers. A person didn't have to

many towns where Field had friends and admirers. A person didn't have to qualify as a singer to belong to an "Owl club," but he did need an exquisite set of lungs, capable of doing the hardest sort of service on all occasions. Noise, not melody, was the passport to promotion.

In the early '70s the Missouri Press association met in annual session at the old Wabash hotel in Macon. Besides Field and a gay lot of youngsters were Joseph B. McCullough of St. Louis, Colonel W. F. Switzler of Columbia, the late Judge John W. Henry of Kansas City, then on the bench here; Colonel John F. Williams, Major W. C. B. Gillespie and a dozen other grizzled warriors, who had dropped the sword for the pen. Field swore in a platoon of young editors and taught them how to make the welkin resound. His civil service requirement was a silt-edged vocal machine, and the boys "delivered the goods."

They practiced on old-fashioned camp meeting songs till the landlord of the hötel threatened to turn them outdoors in disgrace. One night Field started his band of young rioters downstreet, all yelling like auctioneers at a stock sale. In his speech of welcome the mayor had figuratively passed over the "keys of the city," and Field had translated this to mean that the police were muzzled and the loads drawn from the

muzzled and the loads drawn from the householders' shotguns.

Hunted Up a Policeman,

Hunted Up a Policeman.

So the bars were let down and the editerial mocking birds charged four abreast through the streets, howling like dervishes on the way to the sacrificial altar. When Field had led the uproar to about the right height he slipped around an alley and hunted up a couple of policemen. He told them a crowd of intoxicated revelers was "taking" the town and it would be ostrich plumes in their helmets if they ran the whole outfit into the calaboose. The tip was acted upon forthwith. The policemen called in two or three assistants and the hilarious editors surrendered without firing a shot. Of course, they protested vigorously, which the policemen accepted as the natural procedure of maudin men. They begged the officers to send for Field, who they soon observed was not with them. The prisoners were taken around to the guardhouse and to humor them a messenger was sent for the band leader. Field carried an eyeslass, which he operated with becoming solemnity. When they observed him they thought their troubles were over.

"The pelicemen have made a mistake."

"The policemen have made a mistake. 'Gene," said one of the victims. "Tell 'em how it is, so they'll let us out of this beastly hole."

Field surveyed the group coolly and deliberately. He walked around and inspected them from different sides, like a man does who is figuring on buying horses or catile. Then he turned to one of the nightwatchmen.

Field Didn't Help Them.

"What did you want with me, Mr. Officer?" he asked.

"Well." said the town's sentinel, "these guys said they was editors and that they could prove it by you."

Field shook his head sadly, "Editors! Why, you didn't believe any such stuff as that, tild you?" reproachfully, as if questioning the officer's intelligence, "Well, no, I didn't; they struck me as pickpockets."

"I think you are right about that," said Field. "I am certain they don't belong to our crowd. If I were you I would keep them here on bread and water a few days, and perhaps you'll find out where they're wanted. Very likely there's a good reward out for

If you eat "FORCE"

regularly, it's more than

likely I shall have to

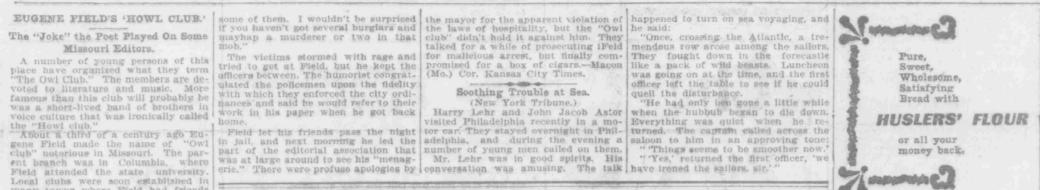
square myself with your

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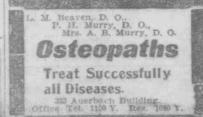
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